

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry teardrop hangs and trembles.
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the plain of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighed upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

—T. Buchanan Read.

BIRDS AT THE WINDOW.

By T. S. Arthur.

"Better be at work," grumbled John Spencer, as he passed the minister's house and saw Jenny, the minister's daughter, feeding the birds that came every day to the window. "My girls have something else to do, I will not give a cent to support such lazy doings."

"Good morning, Mr. Spencer," said a friendly voice. "I want to know how much you will put down for Mr. Elder's salary this year? We want to increase it to five hundred dollars if we can."

"Not one cent," was his slow, emphatic answer.

"Oh! You are jesting, Mr. Spencer," said his good-humored neighbor.

"No. I am in earnest. My girls have something better to do than feeding birds. Humph! Do you see that?"

and he pointed to a window where Jenny Elder, the minister's daughter, stood feeding half a dozen birds that flew close to her hand; one of them even lighting on her shoulder.

"Well, that is beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Egbert.

"Beautiful?"

"Yes; don't you think so?"

"I think she'd better be at work," replied Mr. Spencer, in a hard voice.

Mr. Egbert turned and looked at his neighbor in mute surprise.

"I mean just what I say," added Mr. Spencer. "My daughters have no time to waste after that fashion, and I don't see that I am under obligations to support other people's daughters in idleness."

"Jennie Elder is no idle girl!" said Mr. Egbert, a little warmly.

"Don't you call that idleness?"

"No. It's both rest and invigoration. The ten minutes spent with those birds will sweeten her life for a whole day. She will here them twittering as she goes about her household duties, and be stronger and more cheerful in consequence."

"Mr. Spencer shook his head, but not with the emphasis of manners shown a few minutes before. A new thought had come into his mind. A bird had flown in through a window of his soul.

"Work, work, work, every hour of the day," said Mr. Egbert, "is not best for anyone—nor best for Jenny Elder, nor for your daughters, nor mine."

"Nobody says it is," replied Spencer.

"But—but—" His thoughts were not very clear and so he hesitated.

"The rest that gives to the mind a cheerful tone, that makes it stronger and healthier, is a true rest, because it includes refreshment and invigoration."

"Nobody denies that," said Mr. Spencer.

"And may not Jennie's ten minutes with the birds give her just the refreshment she needs, and make her stronger for the whole day? If not stronger, then more cheerful, and you know how much comfort to a household one cheerful spirit may bring."

"You have such a way of putting things," replied the neighbor in a changed voice. Cheerfulness—oh, dear! I am weary at looking at discontented faces. If feeding birds at the windows is an antidote for fretfulness, I am going to recommend my children to begin at once."

"Let the birds come first to your own windows," said Mr. Egbert.

"Oh, I'm too old for anything like that," was replied.

"To the windows of your soul, I mean."

Spencer shook his head. "You shoot

too high for me."

"Thoughts are like birds—right thoughts like doves and sparrows; wrong thoughts like hawks and ravens. Open the windows of your mind and let true thoughts come in. Feed them and they will sing to you, and feed your soul with music. They will bear you up on their wings; they will lift you into purer regions. You will see clearer and feel stronger. You will be a wiser and a happier man."

"I never did hear anyone talk just as you do, Egbert!" said the neighbor. "You look into the heart of things in such a strange way."

"If we can get down to the heart of things, we are all right," was the smiling answer. "And now we want to know how much we can count on you toward Mr. Elder's salary. Open wide the windows; let just and generous thoughts come in."

"As much as last year; perhaps more. I'll think over the matter," was replied.

While sitting at dinner with his family that day, Mr. Spencer broke the constrained silence, the usual accompaniment of their meal, with the word—

"I saw a beautiful sight this morning."

Both the sentence and the tone in which it was spoken were a surprise. A weight seemed to be lifted from every one, a shadow fell from each dull countenance. All eyes were fixed in inquiry upon him.

"Jenny Elder, at a window with wild birds feeding from her hands, and sitting on her shoulder," added Mr. Spencer.

"Oh, yes; I've seen it often," said Margaret, his oldest daughter, a light breaking over her face. Jenny is so pretty and sweet that even the birds love her. I wish they would come to my window."

"You must ask Jenny her secret," said the father, with such a gentleness in his voice that was so much of a surprise to Margaret that she looked at him in wonder. Mr. Spencer noticed and understood the meaning of her look. He felt it as a revelation and rebuke.

The dead silence soon passed away. First one tongue and then another was unloosed; and, in a little while, the whole family was in a pleasant conversation—a thing so unusual at the meal time that each one noted the fact in a kind of a bewildered surprise.

Mr. Spencer opened the windows of his soul still wider and let the singing birds come in. All the hours of that day he pondered over the ideas suggested by Mr. Egbert, and the more he considered them the clearer it became that there was a better way to secure happiness to himself and family than the hard and narrow one that he had been pursuing. Minds needed something as well as bodies. Tastes and feelings had their special needs. Soul hunger must be attended to and satisfied.

As he came home from his shop that evening he passed a store, the windows of which were filled with singing birds; and as his eyes rested on them he remembered how often he had heard Margaret wish for a canary, and how he had as often said, "Nonsense; you've got something better to do than wasting your time with birds."

Mr. Spencer saw things in a different light now.

"She shall have a bird," he said, speaking to himself, and turning into the store.

"Oh, father! not for me?"

Mr. Spencer was taken by surprise at the sudden outburst of delight that came from Margaret, when she understood that he had really bought her the bird. Tears filled her eyes. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

It was so kind of you—and I wanted a bird so much!" she said. "Oh, I'll be so good, and do everything I can for you."

What a sweet feeling warmed the heart of Mr. Spencer through and through. The delight of this moment was greater than anything he remembered to have experienced for years.

"I'm glad my little present gave you so much pleasure," he said, subduing his voice that he might not betray too much of what he felt. "It's a good singer, the man said."

"It's a beauty!" returned Margaret, feasting her eyes on the bird; "and I'll love him if he doesn't sing a note."

"Such a little thing to give so much pleasure!" Mr. Spencer said to himself, as he sat and pondered over this new phase of life. And to his thoughts

came this reply: "A cup of water is a little thing, but to thirsty lips it is much sweeter than nectar."

And then, as if a window had been opened in his soul, a whole flood of new thoughts and ideas came in upon him, and he saw that the mind had its needs as well as the body; and that unless these were supplied, life would be poor and dreary—just as his life, and the lives of his wife and children had for the most part been.

Mr. Spencer never shut that window, but let the birds fly in and out at pleasure. When Mr. Egbert next saw him he received him with a joyful heart and pleasant smile, and doubled his subscription to the minister's salary.

What a Volcano Can Do.

Cotopaxi, in 1838, threw its fiery rockets 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1854 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of 600 miles. In 1797, the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud which dammed up the rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys 1,000 feet wide made deposits 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius which, in 1337 passed through Torre del Greco, contained 32,000 cubic feet of solid matter, and in 1703, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 44,000,000 cubic feet. In 1760 Etna poured forth a flood which covered eight square miles of surface and measured nearly 1,000,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Tosini, near Nicholosa, a cone two miles in circumference and 4,000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna in 1816 was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated for ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain, while in 1660 Etna discharged twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above the summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block 100 cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles; and Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of three hundred miles.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

The Unrest of Egypt.

There is trouble in the land of the sacred Nile, all because of the unspeakable selfish policy of the English Government. On the plea of doing justice to the lenders of money on Egyptian bonds, the representatives of France and England were given the right to collect and disburse the taxes in that country. The eminent financiers once with their hands in the money chest showed themselves rapacious and stupid to a most incredible extent; they fairly gutted unfortunate Egypt. They filled every profitable office in the state with Englishmen, at extravagant salaries, while they neglected every material interest of the land they were plundering. The people rose and murdered their oppressors. Of course England and France can easily subjugate the Egyptians, but while we write the powers have shown the most painful irresolution. In this instance the eminent financiers of France and England have shown all the same covetous instincts of the plundering Pashas and satraps of the East.—*From Demore's Monthly for August*.

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J. P. Watson, Pastor Christian Church, Troy, O.

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